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group of Civic Virtue. The models for figure or group on the scale of two inches to the foot will be judged early this month (April 7th, at 126 East 75th Street) and competitors who are selected from the first exhibition are expected to prepare designs half the size of the completed work. To the winner of the second heat the Institute will lend the use of a studio for three months. If the full-size work then appears to the jury worthy of the outlay, the Institute will have it cast at its expense.

This is the second figure to be secured by competition for the same interior; the first was one representing Military Valor. They are to form two of four pieces to fill four niches on the stairs in the great hall of the municipal building of Plainfield, N. J. Unlike a hundred niches that meet the eye within and without a whole series of public and private edifices of modern design, those four are to be actually used as a receptacle for something beside sparrow's nests and any old thing that comes their way. So far as appears, the joint committee of sculptors and architects does not guarantee, however, that the figure will be accepted. The Institute promises to present a plaster or cement copy of the winning piece to the Plainfield town hall and leaves it to the local authorities to place it or not or to have it turned into a more permanent material.

LEON DABO AT GOUPIL'S

Three-score easel-pictures at the Goupil Gallery, 58 West Forty-fifth Street, confirm Mr. Leon Dabo in the possession of a style which he shares with no one else, a really peculiar and personal style which may be defined as theatrical scenery refined and reduced to easel size. In its way the landscape of Leon Dabo is as remote from actuality as is the product of the cubist or vorticist; but it is graceful and in a cool vein even poetic. There may be a triumph in almost any specialization. Mr. Dabo has specialized as the inventor of tree-ghosts.

What else are these phantoms in the foreground of "Before the Storm" or of "Flanders No. 1" but ghosts of trees ready to up, roots! and away? Another speciality that has become an abiding habit with him is the very high horizon which deceives the eye at first because that high horizon merges with possible banks of cloud, and it takes time to discover that we are on some lofty perch looking down at sea and land. Mr. Dabo's restricted gamut of colors, mostly grays and greenish drabs and muted blues, makes it hard to distinguish shore from sea and sea from cloud land. Now and then—"Evening No. 2"—he allows a more definite aspect of things. Sometimes he suggests a night scene with the lights of a distant tow strung along the bosom of the Hudson—a plunging view—and places a full moon between strata of cloud; here as well as in "The Vision" there is a use of blue to relieve the ordinary pale olive tones and dark grays which the painter prefers. But not trees alone are ghostly. "New Milford" contains a little cluster or family of human ghosts and in "The Park" we surprise this band of revenants comfortably grouped, not in the shade, for all is shadowy, but in the propinquity of four poplars of the same indefinite smoky outline. It is the

restricted range of his colors, perhaps, that prevents Mr. Dabo from stating very effectively the facts of a wave breaking on the shore. It is a heavy, thick and ropy thing, is this wave—even ropier and less liquid than the crests of Courbet's waves. But in this he only follows out his scheme of the vague, indefinite, shadowy—perhaps mysterious. Dabo's painting has become assimilated to the writing of Maeterlinck.

A BATTALION OF ARTISTS FOR NEW YORK

Steps are being taken to form a battalion of actors, architects, painters, sculptors and other artists to train together as a part of the citizen soldiery making ready to defend the honor of America against the invasion of American rights by participants in the great war. Reginald Barlow of 16 Gramercy Park (the Players' Club) has issued a call for this patriotic move. Whether such an organization can be made to fit with the wider plans of the country in this movement or not, there can be no question of the high spirit that counsels such an effort in these times of peril. Those who are interested are asked to send name and address to Mr. Barlow at the Players' Club.

MARIO KORBEL AT THE GORHAM GALLERIES

At the Gorham Galleries during March some 57 works of sculpture, mostly small things, were shown by Mario Korbel. Most of them are clever, and one head, in buff stone, is beautiful. But the whole show is spoiled by the vulgar conception of "Adam and Eve," a life-sized group in plaster, of which the "Eve" is very well-modeled and a graceful figure, but the torso of "Adam" is unworthy of even an apprentice.

If Mr. Korbel would separate these two pictures, recompose the left arm of "Eve," and cut it in marble he might make of it a good thing. As it is it is an inept and depressing piece of mere sensationalism in plaster.

A talented young artist from Sweden who rejoices in the peculiar name MasOlle has been showing his paintings and etchings at the Braun Galleries, 13 West Forty-sixth Street, New York. The paintings are remarkable for firmly wrought types of peasants of Dalecarlia where on their comfortable farms they confect those brilliantly embroidered costumes that form an attractive feature whenever Scandinavian peasant work is shown. The Dalecarlian types are singularly like those of the eastern United States. Laplanders were not forgotten; they form a type apart. There were paintings also from Paris and Cornwall and several nudes wrought with a somewhat heavy brush but vivid in contrasted colors. The etchings are particularly robust and virile. Mr. MasOlle vies with Anders Zorn in the bold, powerful rendering of girls disporting themselves in the water. On the whole the etchings are more impressive than the paintings, not that the artist fails of a strong color-sense, but he appears at present more at ease in black and white. He gives great promise and deserves more success than he is likely to obtain at a time when war has brought confusion to the arts of peace even in America.